



Drawn by Lady Diana Beauclerk

Published June 1. 1796 by E & S Harding Pall Mall.

A. Hartlebury, A. M. Printed 1796.

3 D. C
A

LEONORA.

TRANSLATED FROM

T H E G E R M A N

OF

GOTTFRIED AUGUSTUS BÜRGHER,

Burgher

BY

W. R. SPENCER, Esq.

WITH

D E S I G N S

BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERC.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY;
FOR J. EDWARDS, AND E. AND S. HARDING, PALL MALL.

1796.



P R E F A C E.

THE Works of Mr. Burgher, the Author of this
and many other Poems of the ballad kind, are
universally esteemed, wherever the German lan-
guage prevails as a national idiom, or is culti-
vated as a branch of education. Simplicity is the
characteristic of his compositions; and of all lite-
rary beauties, simplicity must be the most gene-
rally attractive. It is no common merit to excel
in a style which all understand, many admire, and
but few can attain. To this merit Mr. Burgher
has an undoubted claim; a claim our countrymen

P R E F A C E.

would be the first to allow, could they enjoy his expressions in their original purity, or his ideas in a faithful translation. No writer perhaps has ever obtained a more decided popularity. To this his subjects and his language equally contribute; for the former he has mostly chosen local traditions, or legendary anecdotes; and in the latter he is generally elegant, often sublime, and never unintelligible. Such qualifications ensure him the suffrage of every class of readers. The scholar and the moralist cannot refuse praise where they have found entertainment, without disgust to their taste, or danger to their principles; and the mechanic peruses with delight, sentiments suited to his feelings, imagery familiar to his mind, and precepts adapted to his practice.

One of the most powerful causes of Mr. Burgher's literary popularity, is the deep tinge of superstition that shades almost all his compositions.

P R E F A C E.

Supernatural incidents are the darling subjects of his countrymen. Their minds vigorously conceive, and their language nobly expresses, the terrible and majestic: and it must be allowed, that in this species of writing they would force from our nation the palm of excellence, were it not secured by the impregnable towers of Otranto. Of all their productions of this kind, Leonora is perhaps the most perfect. The story in a narrow compass unites tragic event, poetical surprise, and epic regularity. The admonitions of the Mother are just, although ill-timed. The despair of the Daughter at once natural, and criminal; her punishment dreadful, but equitable. Few objections can be made to a subject, new, simple, and striking; and none to a moral, which cannot be too frequently or too awfully enforced.

The Translator must apologise to those who are “docti sermones utriusque linguae,” for some de-

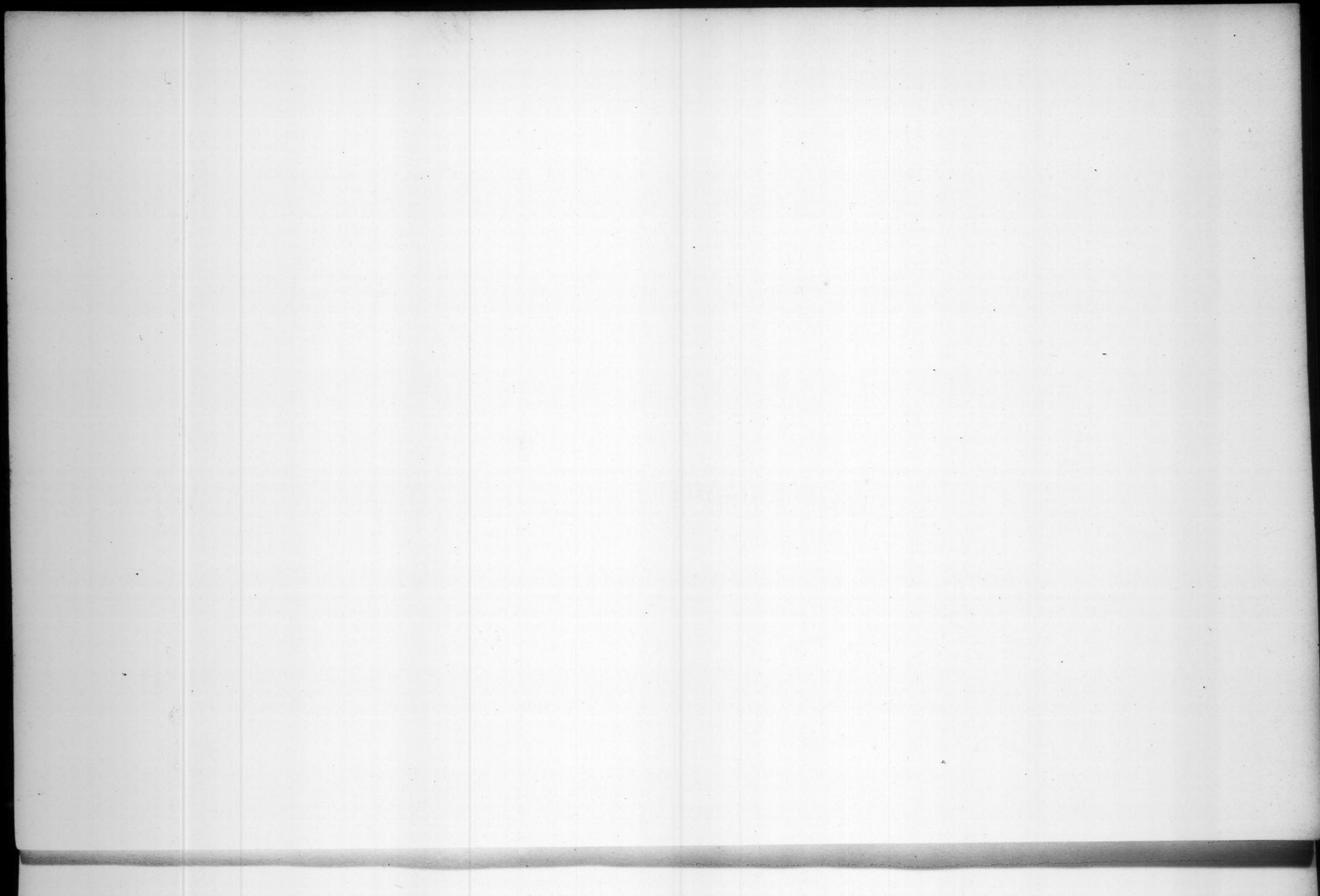
P R E F A C E.

variations from the original text. Mr. Burgher has repeatedly used words merely for sound, as ‘trap, trap, trap,’ for the trotting of an horse; and ‘cling, cling, cling,’ for the ringing of a door bell. These echoes to the sense, which are strictly “*vox et pentera nihil*,” custom may reconcile to a German taste; but, literally adopted in an English version, they would appear more ridiculous than descriptive. In general it is hoped, that, although many beauties may have been obscured, no essential meaning has been omitted or adulterated.

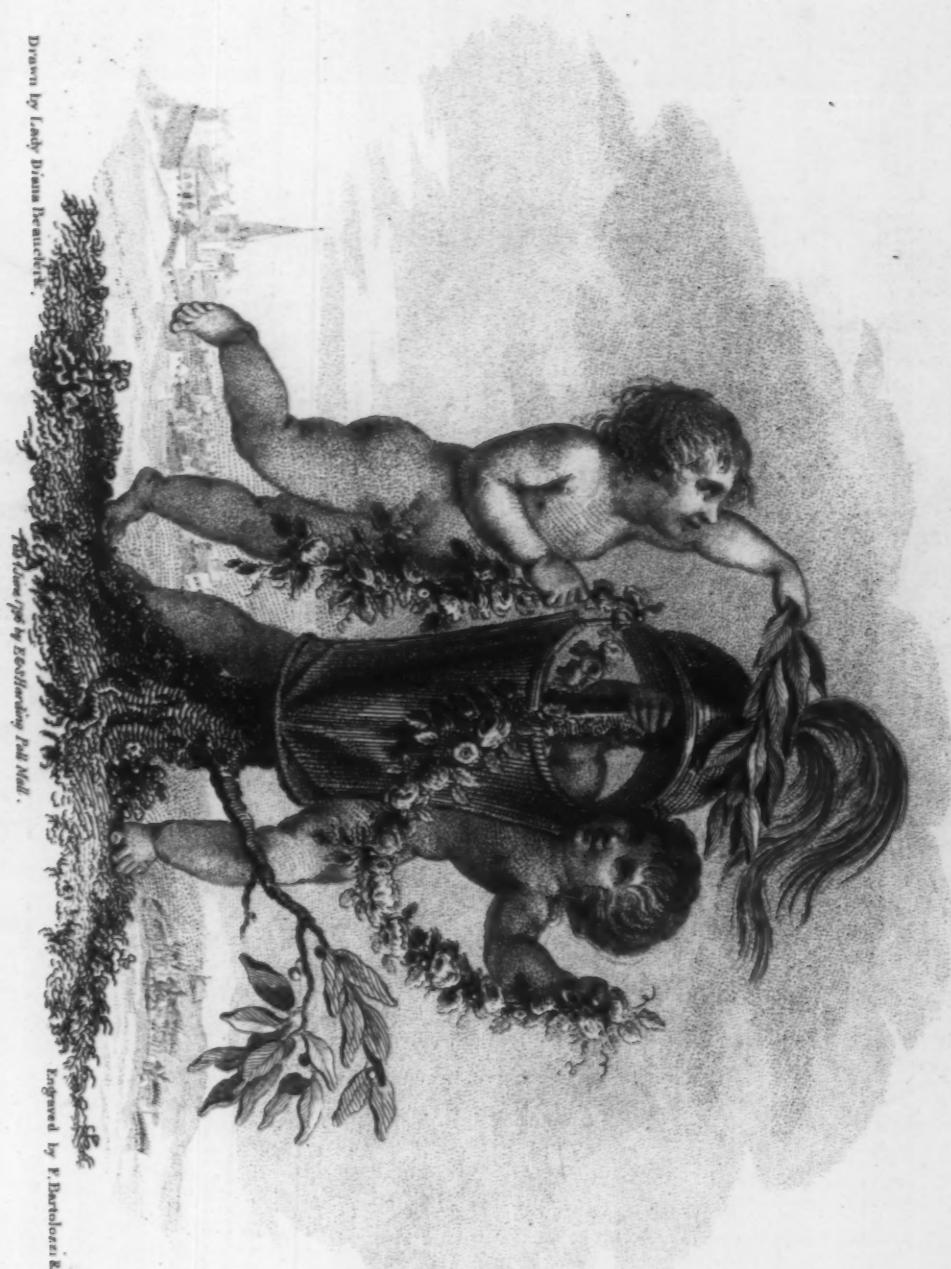
Between the completion of this Poem and its publication, which has been unavoidably delayed, as much time was required by the artists to do justice to those exquisite designs, which are its brightest ornament; an elegant version of the fame ballad has been published by Mr. Pye. Had the Author of this translation foreseen the intentions of the Laureat, he would not probably have

P R E F A C E.

risked a contest with such a distinguished competitor; but, as he had long entered the field before Mr. Pye appeared as his adversary, he will now shrink from a combat where doubtful victory must ensure applause, and even complete failure allow the consolation of "*Æneæ magni dextra cadit.*"



L E O N O R A.



LENORE.

Lenore fuhr um's Morgenrot

Empor aus schweren Träumen:

"Witt untreu, Wilhelm, oder tot?

Wie lange willst du säumen?" —

Er war mit König Friedrichs Macht

Gezogen in die Prager Schlacht,

Und hatte nicht geschrieben

Ob er gesund geblieben.



Drawn by Lady Diana Beauclerk

Engraved by F. Bartolozzi R.A.

Published 1/2/1847 by E. & S. Manning, Pall Mall.

LEONORA.

From visions of disastrous love
Leonora starts at dawn of day;
“ How long, my Wilhelm, wilt thou rove?

Does death or falsehood cause thy stay?”
Since he with godlike Frederick’s pow’rs
At Prague had foremoft dar’d the foe,
No tidings cheer’d her lonely hours,
No rumour told his weal or woe.

Der König und die Kaiserin,

Des langen Haders müde,

Erweichten ihren harten Sinn,

Und machten endlich Friede;

Und jedes Heer, mit Sing und Sang,

Mit Paukenschlag und Kling und Klang,

Geschmückt mit grünen Reisern,

Zog heim zu seinen Häusern.

Und überall all überall,

Auf Wagen und auf Stegen,

Zog Alt und Jung dem Jubelschall

Der Komenden entgegen.

Gottlob! rief Kind und Gattin laut,

Willkommen! manche frohe Braut.

Ach! aber fürzen

War Gruss und Kuss verloren.

L E O N O R A.

5

Empress, and King, alike fatigued,
Now bade the storm of battle cease;
Their arms relenting friendship leagued,
And heal'd the bleeding world with Peace.
They sing, they shout, their cymbals clang,
Their green wreaths wave, they come, they come;
Each war-worn Hero comes to hang
With trophies his long wept for home.

While from each baftion, tower, and shed,
Their country's general bleffing showers;
Love twines for every laurel'd head,
His garland of domestic flowers.
How welcome husbands, sons, return'd!
What tears, what kiffes greet the brave!
Alone poor Leonora mourn'd,
Nor tear, nor kifs, nor welcome gave.

Sie frug den Zug wohl auf und ab,
Und frug nach allen Dämen;
Doch keiner war, der Kundschafft gab,
Von allen, so da kamen.
Als nun das Heer vorüber war,
Zerrauzte sie ihr Rabenhaar,
Und warf sich hin zur Erde
Mit wuchtiger Geberde.

Die Mutter lief wohl hin zu ihr:
"Ach, dass sich Gott erbarme!
Du trautes Kind, was ist mit dir?"
Und schloss sie in die Arme.
"O Mutter, Mutter! hin ist hin!
Hin fahre Welt und alles hin!
Beg Gott ist kein Erbarmen;
O weh, O weh mir Armen—!"

LEONORA.

7

From rank to rank, from name to name,
The fond inquirer trembling flew;
But none by person or by fame,
Aught of her gallant Wilhelm knew.
When all the joyous bands were gone,
Aghast she tore her raven hair;
On the cold earth she cast her down,
Convuls'd with frenzy and despair.

In hafste th' affrighted mother flew,
And round her clasf'd her aged arms:
“ Oh, God! her griefs with mercy view,
“ Oh, calm her constant heart's alarms!”
“ Oh, mother! past is past; 'tis o'er;
“ Nor joy, nor world, nor hope I see;
“ Thy God my anguish hears no more,
“ Alas, alas! Oh, woe is me!”

“ Helf Gott, holf! Sieh uns gnädig an!

Kind, bet’ ein Materunser!

Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan;

Gott, Gott erbarint sich Unser!”

“ O Mutter, Mutter! Eitler Wahns!

Gott hat an mir nicht wohlgethan!

Was half, was half mein Beten?

Dun iss nicht mehr vonnothen.”

“ Helf Gott, holf! wer den Vater kennt,
Der weiss, er hilft den Kindern;

Das hochgelobte Sakrament

Wird deinen Jammer lindern.”

“ O Mutter, Mutter! Was mich brennt,
Das hindert mir kein Sakrament!

Kein Sakrament mag Leben

Den Todten wiedergeben.”

" Oh, hear, great God! with pity hear!

" My child, thy prayer to Heaven addrefs;

" God does all well; 'tis ours to bear;

" God gives, but God relieves distrefs."

" All truft in Heaven is weak and frail;

" God ill, not well, by me has done;

" I pray'd, while prayers could yet avail;

" Now prayers are vain, for Wilhelm's gone."

" Oh, ever in affliction's hour

" The Father hears his children's cry;

" His bleffed sacraments shall pour

" True comfort o'er thy misery."

" Oh, mother, pangs like mine that burn,

" What facrament can e'er allay?

" What sacrament can bid return

" Life's spirit to the mouldering clay?"

"Hör, Kind! wie, wenn der falsche Mann,

Im fernen Angerlande,

Sich seines Glaubens abgethan,

Zum neuen Chebande?

Lass fahren, Kind, sein Herz dahin!

Er hat es nimmermehr Gewinn!

Wann Seel' und Leib sich trennen,

Wird ihr sein Feind brennen."

"O Mutter, Mutter! Hin ist hin!

Verloren ist verloren!

Der Tod, der Tod ist mein Gewinn!

O war' ich nie geboren!

Lisch aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus!

Stirb hin, stirb hin in Nacht und Graus!

Weg Gott ist kein Erbarmen:

O weh, o weh mir Armen!"

L E O N O R A.

II

“ But if, my child, in distant lands,
“ Unmindful of his plighted vows,
“ Thy false one courts another’s bands,
“ Fresh kisses, and a newer spouse,
“ Why let the perjured rover go;
“ No blessings shall his new love bring,
“ And when death lays his body low,
“ Thy wrongs his guilty soul shall sting.”

“ My pangs no cure nor comfort crave;
“ Joy, hope, and life, alike I scorn;
“ My hope is death, my joy the grave,
“ Curs’d be the day that saw me born!
“ Sink, sink, detested vital flame,
“ Sink in the starless night of death:
“ Not God’s, but Wilhelm’s, darling name
“ Shall falter from my parting breath!”

"Hilf Gott, hilf! Geh nicht ins Gericht

Mit diesem armen Kinde!

Sie weiss nicht, was die Zunge spricht:
Behalt ihr nicht die Sünde!

Ach, Kind, vergiss dein irdisch Leid,

Und denk an Gott und Seligkeit!

So wird doch deiner Seelen

Der Bräutigam nicht fehlen."

"O Mutter! Was ist Seligkeit?

O Mutter! Was ist Hölle?

Bey ihm, bey ihm ist Seligkeit,

Und ohne Wilhelm Hölle!

Lisch aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus!

Stirb hin, stirb hin in Facht und Graus!

Ohr' ihn mag ich auf Erden,

Mag dort nicht selig werden."

“ Judge not, great God! this erring child,

“ No guilt her bosom dwells within;

“ Her thoughts are craz'd, her words are wild;

“ Arm not for her the death of sin!

“ Oh, child! forget thy mortal love,

“ Think of God's blifs and mercies sweet;

“ So shall thy foul, in realms above,

“ A bright eternal Bridegroom meet.”

“ Oh, mother! what is God's sweet blifs?

“ Oh, mother, mother! what is hell?

“ With Wilhelm there is only blifs,

“ And without Wilhelm only Hell!

“ O'er this torn heart, o'er these sad eyes,

“ Let the still grave's long midnight reign;

“ Unleſs my love that blifs supplies,

“ Nor earth, nor heaven can blifs contain.”

So wütete Herzweifelung

Ihr in Gehirn und Adern:

Sie fuhr mit Gottes Worschung

Vermessen fort zu hadern;

Zerstlug den Kusen, und verrang

Die Hand, bis Sonnenuntergang.

Bis auf am Himmelshogen

Die goldenen Sterne zogen.

Und außen, horch! gung's trap trap trap,

Als wie von Rosshufen;

Und klirrend stieg ein Reiter ab,

An des Geländers Stufen;

Und horch! und horch! den Pförtentring

Ganz lose, leise, klingeling!

Dann kamen durch die Pforte

Vernehmlich diese Worte.

Thus did the demons of despair
Her wildered sense to madness strain,
Thus did her impious clamours dare
Eternal Wisdom to arraign.

She beat her breast, her hands she wrung,
Till westward sunk the car of light,
And countleſs stars in air were hung
To gem the matron weeds of night.

Hark! with high tread, and prancings proud,
A war horse shakes the rattling gate:
Clattering his clanking armour loud,
Alights a horseman at the grate:
And, hark! the door bell gently rings,
What finds are thoſe we faintly hear?
The night breeze in low murmur brings
These words to Leonora's ear.

" Holla, Holla ! Thu auf mein Kind !
Schlässt, Liebchen, oder wachst du ?
Wie bist noch gegen mich gesinnt ?
Und weinst oder lachst du ?"

" Ach, Wilhelm, du? . . . So spät bei Nacht ?
Gemeinet hab' ich und gewacht;
Ach, grosses Leid erlitten !
Wo kommt du hergeritten ?"

" Weit fädeln nur um Mitternacht,
Weit ritt ich her von Böhmen;
Ich habe spät mich aufgemacht,
Und will dich mit mir nehmen."

" Ach, Wilhelm, erst herein geschwind !
Den Hagedorn durchsaust der Wind,
Krein, in meinen Armen,
Herzliebster, zu erwärmen !"

L E O N O R A.

17

“ Holla, holla! my life, my love!

“ Does Leonora watch or sleep?

“ Still does her heart my vows approve?

“ Does Leonora smile or weep?”

“ O Wilhelm, thou! these eyes for thee

“ Fever'd with tearful vigils burn;

“ Aye fear, and woe, have dwelt with me,

“ Oh! why so late thy wish'd return?”

“ At dead of night alone we ride,

“ From Prague's far distant field I come;

“ Twas late ere I could 'gin bestride

“ This coal black barb, to bear thee home.”

“ Oh, rest thee first, my Wilhelm, here!

“ Bleak roars the blaft through vale and grove;

“ Oh come, thy war-worn limbs to cheer

“ On the soft couch of joy and love!”

" Lass laufen durch den Hagedorn,
Lass laufen, Kind, lass laufen!

Der Kappé scharrt; es klirrt der Sporn;
Ich darf allhier nicht hausen.
Komm, schürze, spring' und schwinge dich
Auf meinen Kappern hinter mich!
Muss heut noch hundert Flecken
Mit dir ir's Brautbett' eilen.

" Ach! wolltest hundert Flecken noch
Mirch heut ir's Brautbett' tragen?
Und horch! es brummt die Glocke noch,
Die elf schon angeschlagen."

" Sieh hin, sieh her! der Mond scheint hell:
Weit und die Todten reiten schnell:
Ich bringe dich, zur Mette,
Noch heut ins Hochzeitsbett."

“ Let the bleak blast, my child, roar on,

“ Let it roar on; we dare not stay:

“ My fierce steed maddens to be gone,

“ My spurs are set; away, away.

“ Mount by thy true love’s guardian fide;

“ We should ere this full far have sped;

“ Five hundred destined miles we ride

“ This night, to reach our nuptial bed.”

“ Our nuptial bed, this night so dark,

“ So late, five hundred miles to roam?

“ Yet sounds the bell, which struck, to mark

“ That in one hour would midnight come.”

“ See there, see here, the moon shines clear,

“ We and the dead ride fast away;

“ I gage, though long our way, and drear,

“ We reach our nuptial bed to-day.”

" Sag an, wo ist dein Kämmerlein?

Wo? Wie dein Hochzeithettchen?"

" Weit, weit von hier! Still, kühl und klein!

Sechs Bretter und zwey Brettchen!"

" Hat's Raum für mich?" " Für dich und mich!

Komm, schürze, spring' und schwinge dich!

Die Hochzeitgäste hoffen;

Die Kämmer steht uns offen."

Schön Lichchen schürzte, sprang und schwang

Sich auf das Ross behende;

Wohl um den trauten Reiter schläng

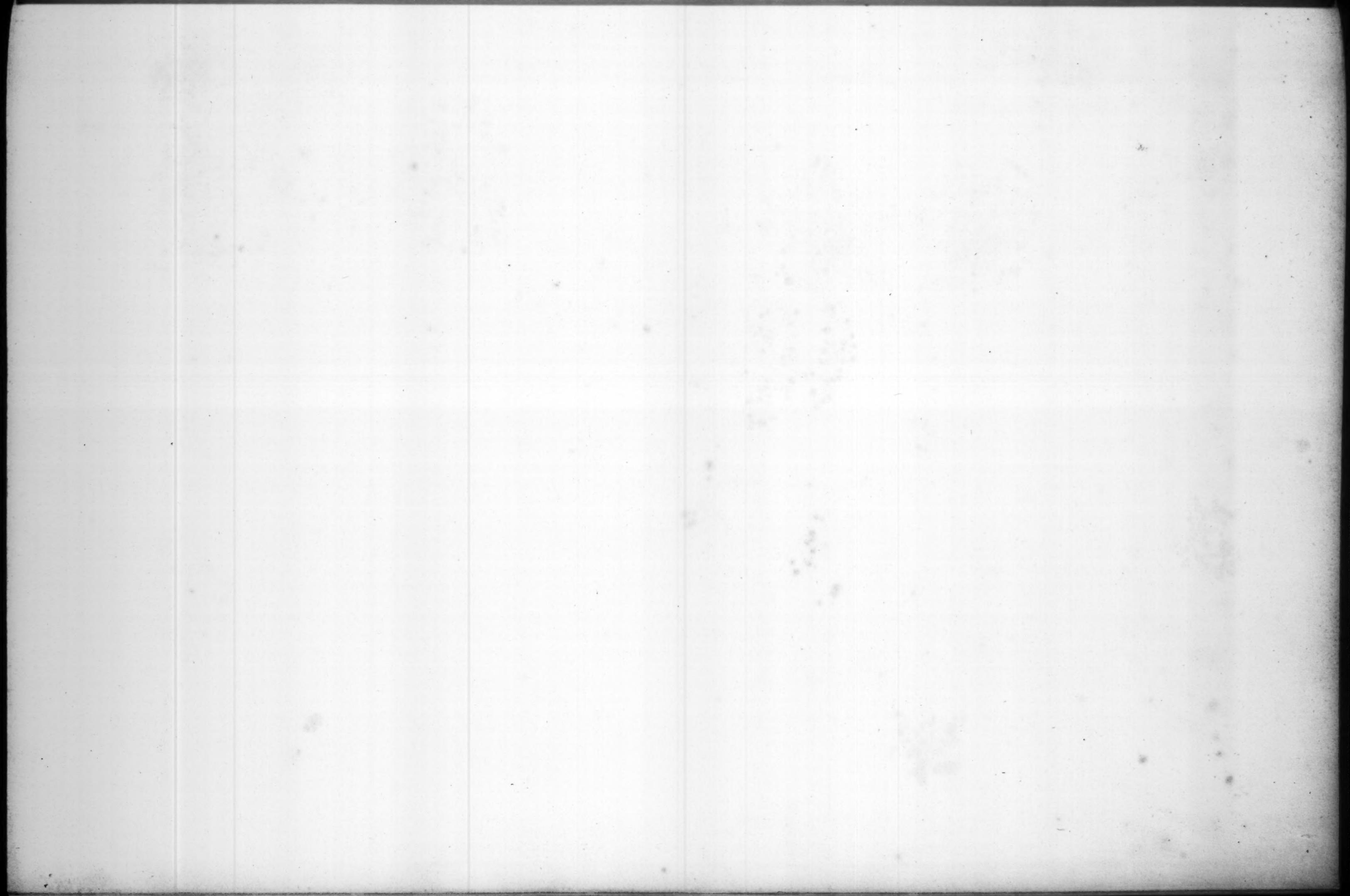
Sie ihre Wientände;

Und hurre hurre, hop hop hop!

Ging's fort in lausenden Galopp,

Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben,

Und Kies und Funken stoben.





Engraved by Emily Anna Beaman

Published June 1, 1856, by E. & S. Harding, Pall Mall.

Illustrated by Harding

"Say where the bed, and bridal hall?

"What guests our blissful union greet?"

"Low lies the bed, still, cold, and small;

"Six dark boards, and one milk white sheet."

"Haft room for me?" "Room, room now:

"Come mount; strange hands our feast prepare;

"To grace the solemn rite, e'en now

"No common bridesmen wait us there."

Loofe was her zone, her breast unveil'd,
All wild her shadowy tresses hung;
O'er fear confiding love prevail'd,
As lightly on the barb she sprung.
Like wind the bounding courser flies,
Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;
Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rise,
And horse and horseman pant for breath.

Zur rechten und zur linken Hand,

Morhey vor ihren Blicken,

Weie flogen Anger, Haid' und Land!

Weie donnerten die Brücken!

" Graut Liebchen auch? Der Mond scheint hell!

Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!

Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?"

" Ach nein! Doch las die Todten!"

Was klang dort für Gesang und Klang?

Was flatterten die Raben?

Horch Glockenklang! horch Todtensang:

" Lasset uns den Leib begraben!"

Und näher zog ein Leichenzug,

Der Sarg und Todtenbaare trug:

Das Lied war zu vergleichen

Dem Ankerruf in Teichen.

How swift, how swift from left and right
The racing fields and hills recede;
Bourns, bridges, rocks, that cross their flight,
In thunders echo to their speed.

“ Fear’st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;

“ Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!

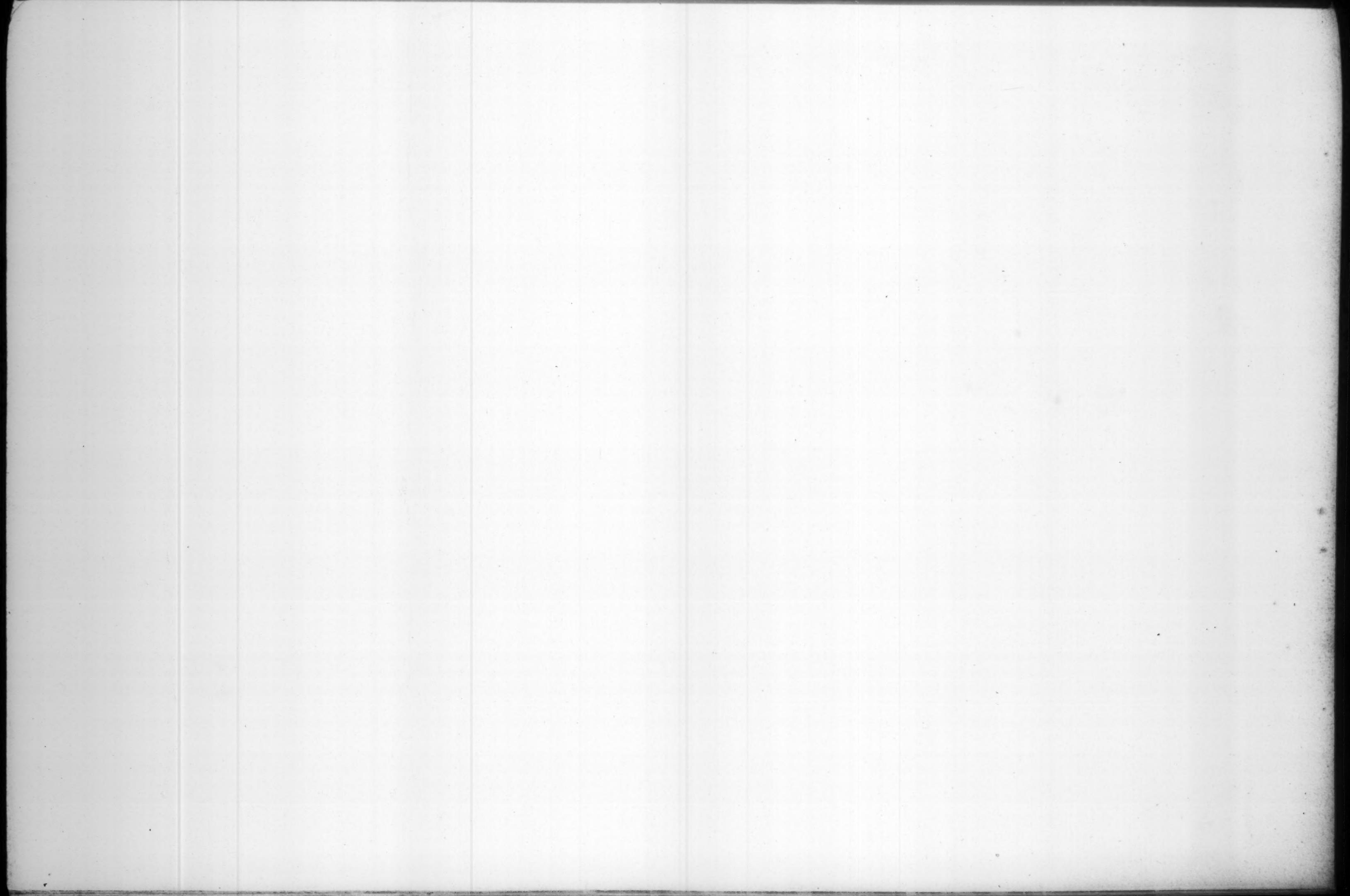
“ The dead does Leonora fear?”

“ Ah, no; but talk not of the dead.”

What accents flow, of wail and woe,
Have made yon shrieking raven roar?
The death bell beats! the dirge repeats,
“ This dust to parent dust restore.”
Blackening the night, a funeral train
On a cold bier a coffin brings;
Their slow pace measur’d to a strain
Sad as the saddest night-bird sings.

“ Nach Mitternacht begräbt den Leib,
Mit Klang und Sang und Klage !
Jetzt führ’ ichheim mein junges Weib:
Mit, mit zum Brautgelage !
Komm, Küster, hier ! Komm mit dem Chor,
Und gurgle mir das Brautlied vor !
Komm, Pfaff’, und sprich den Segen,
Eh wir zu Bett’ uns legen !”

Still Klang und Sang: Die Haare schwand:
Gehorsam seinem Rufen,
Kam’s, hurre hurre ! nachgerannt,
Hart hinter’s Rappen Hüten.
Und immer weiter, hop hop hop !
King’s fort in faulendem Galopp,
Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben,
Und Kies und Funken stoben.





Drawn by Lady Diana Beauclerk

Pub. June 1st 1796 by E. & S. Harding Pall Mall.

A. Birrell Sc.

“ This duſt to duſt restore, what time
“ The midnight dews o'er graves are ſhed;
“ Meanwhile of brides the flower and prime
“ I carry to our nuptial bed.

“ Sexton, thy ſable minſtreſ bring!
“ Come, priest, the eternal bonds to bleſs!
“ All in deep groans our ſpouſals fing,
“ Ere we the genial pillow prefſ.”

The bier, the coffin, diſappear'd,
The dirge in diſtant echoes died,
Quick ſounds of viewleſs ſteps are heard
Hurying the coal-black barb beſide.
Like wind the bounding courſer flies,
Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;
Duſt, ſtones, and ſparks in whirlwind riſe,
And horſe and horſeman pant for breath.

Wie flogen rechts, wie flogen links,

Gebirge, Bäum' und Hecken!

Wie flogen links, und rechts, und links

Die Dörfer, Städ' und Flecken!

" Graut Liebchen auch? Der Mond scheint hell!

Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!

Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?"

" Ach! Lass sie ruhn die Todten."

Sieh da! sieh da! Am Hochgericht
Tanzt um des Kades Spindel,
Halb sichtbarlich bey Mondenlicht,
Ein lustiges Gesindel.

" Sasa! Gesindel, hier! Kommt hier!
Gesindel, kommt und folge mir!
Tanz uns den Hochzeitreigen,
Wann wir zu Bette steigen!"

Mountains and trees, on left and right,
Swam backward from their aching view;
With speed that mock'd the labouring flight
Towns, villages, and castles flew.

“ Fear'ft thou, my love? the moon shines clear;

“ Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!

“ The dead does Leonora fear?”

“ Oh leave, oh leave in peace the dead!”

See, where fresh blood-gouts mat the green,
Yon wheel its reeking points advance;
There, by the moon's wan light half feen,
Grim ghosts of tombless murderers dance.

“ Come, spectres of the guilty dead,

“ With us your goblin morris ply,

“ Come all in festive dance to tread,

“ Ere on the bridal couch we lie.”

Und das Gesindel husch husch husch!

Kam hinter nachgeprastelt,

Wie Wurzelwind am Haselhusch

Durch dürre Blätter raselt.

Und weiter, weiter, hop hop hop!

Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp,

Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben

Und Kies und Funken stoben.

Wie flog, was rund der Mond beschien,

Wie flog es in die Ferne!

Wie flogen oben über hin

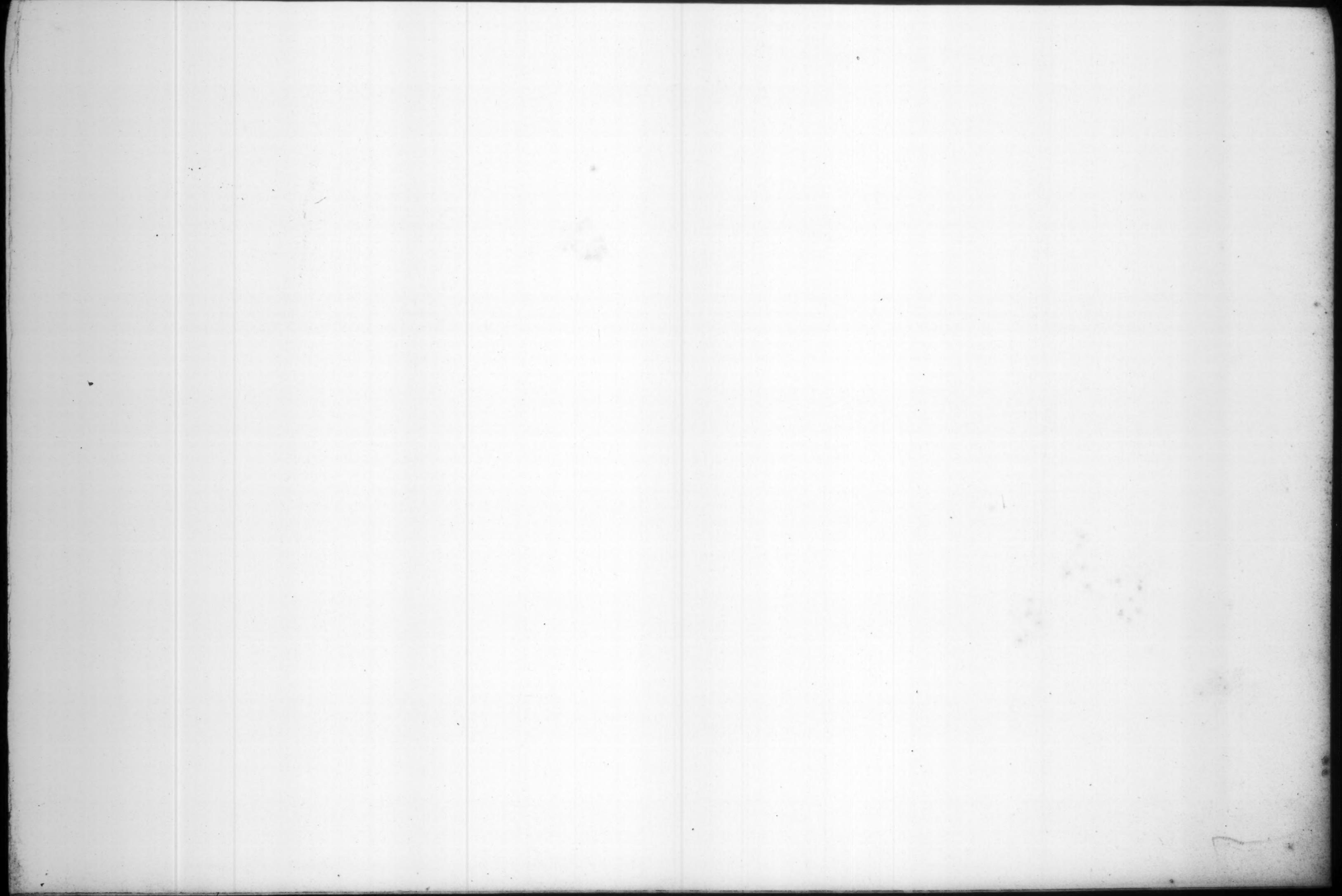
Der Himmel und die Sterne!

" Graut Liebchen auch! Der Mond scheint hell!

Hurräh! die Todten reiten schnell!

Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?"

" O weh! Lass ruhn die Todten!"





Drawn by Lady Diana Beauclerk.

Published June 1. 1796. by E & S Harding Pall Mall.

Engraved by Harding.

Forward th' obedient phantoms push,
Their trackless footsteps rustle near,
In sound like autumn winds that rush
Through withering oak or beech-wood fere.
With lightning's force the courier flies,
Earth shakes his thund'ring hoofs beneath,
Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rise,
And horse and horfeman pant for breath.

Swift roll the moonlight scenes away,
Hills chafing hills successive fly;
E'en stars that pave th' eternal way,
Seem shooting to a backward sky.
“ Fear’st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;
“ Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!
“ The dead does Leonora fear?”
“ Oh God! oh leave, oh leave the dead!”

"Kapp'! Kapp'! Stich dunkt der Hahn schon rust:

Bald wird der Sand verrinnen;

Kapp'! Kapp'! Ich wittert Storzenlauf:

Kapp'! Kapp'! Ich willte Storzenlauf!

Hollbracht, vollbracht ist unser Lauf!

Das Hochreithette thut sich auf!

Die Todten reiten schnelle!

Wir sind, wir sind zur Stelle."

Rasch auf ein eisern Gitterthor
Ging's mit verhangtem Zügel;
Mit schwanker Gert' ein Schlag davor
Zersprengte Schloss und Riegel.
Die Flügel flogen klirrend auf,
Und über Gräber ging der Lauf:
Es blinkten Leichensteine
Rund um im Mondenscheine.

" Barb! barb! methinks the cock's shrill horn

" Warns that our fand is nearly run:

" Barb! barb! I scent the gales of morn,

" Hafte, that our course be timely done.

" Our course is done! our fand is run!

" The nuptial bed the bride attends;

" This night the dead have swiftly sped;

" Here, here, our midnight travel ends!"

Full at a portal's maffy grate

The plunging steed impetuous dash'd:

At the dread shock, wall, bars, and gate,

Hurl'd down with headlong ruin crash'd.

Thin, sheeted phantoms gibbering glide

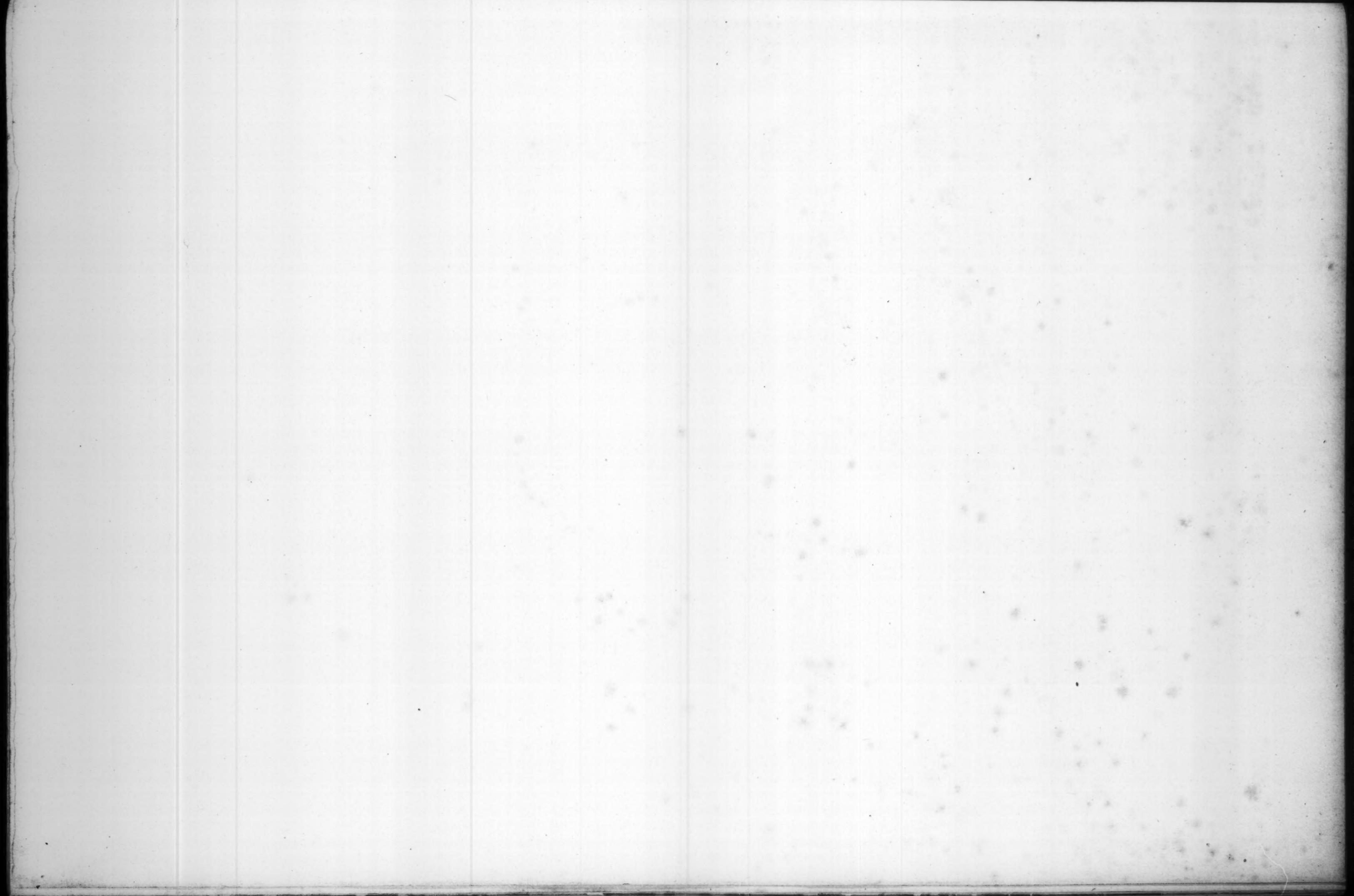
O'er paths, with bones and fresh skulls strewn,

Charnels and tombs on every fide

Gleam dimly to the blood red moon.

Ha sieh! ha sieh! im Augenblick,
Huhu! ein grätschlich Wunder!
Des Reiters Koller, Stück für Stück,
Fiel ab, wie mürber Zunder,
Zum Schädel, ohne Kopf und Schopf,
Zum nackten Schädel ward sein Kopf;
Sein Körper zum Gerippe,
Mit Stundenglas und Rippe.

Hoch bünzte sich, wild schnob der Kapp',
Und sprühte Feuerfunken;
Und hui! war's unter ihr hinab
Vergewunden und verunken.
Geheul! Geheul ans hoher Luft,
Gewinel kam aus tiefer Gruft.
Lenorens Herz, mit Leben,
Rang zwischen Tod und Leben.





Drawn by Lady Diana Beauclerk.

Published June 1. 1795 by E & S Harding Pall Mall.

Engraved by Harding.

Lo, while the night's dread glooms increase,
All chang'd the wond'rous horseman stood,
His crumbling flesh fell piece by piece,
Like ashes from consuming wood.

Shrunk to a skull his pale head glares,
High ridg'd his eyeless sockets stand,
All bone his length'ning form appears;
A dart gleams deadly from his hand.

The fiend horse snorts; blue fiery flakes
Collected roll his nostrils round;
High rear'd, his bristling mane he shakes,
And sinks beneath the rending ground.

Demons the thundering clouds bestride,
Ghofts yell the yawning tombs beneath;
Leonora's heart, its life-blood dried,
Hangs quiv'ring on the dart of death.

Run tanzten wohl bey Mondenglanz,

Rund um herum im Kreise,

Die Geister einen Kettenanz,

Und heulten diese Weise:

" Geduld! Geduld! Wenn's Herz auch bricht!

Mit Gott im Himmel hadre nicht!

Des Leibes bist du ledig;

Gott sei der Seele gnädig!"

C R D C.



Published by E. & S. Hildesley, Pall Mall, July 1, 1798

Throng'd in the moon's eclipsing shade,
Of fiends and shapes a spectre crowd
Dance feately round th' expiring maid,
And howl this awful lesson loud:

“ Learn patience, though thy heart should break,
“ Nor seek God's mandates to controul!
“ Now this cold earth thy duft shall take,
“ And Heav'n relenting take thy foul!”

THE END.



Drawn by Lady Diana Beauclerk.

Published by S. & T. Hulme, 1811.

Engraved by F. Bartolozzi R.A.

